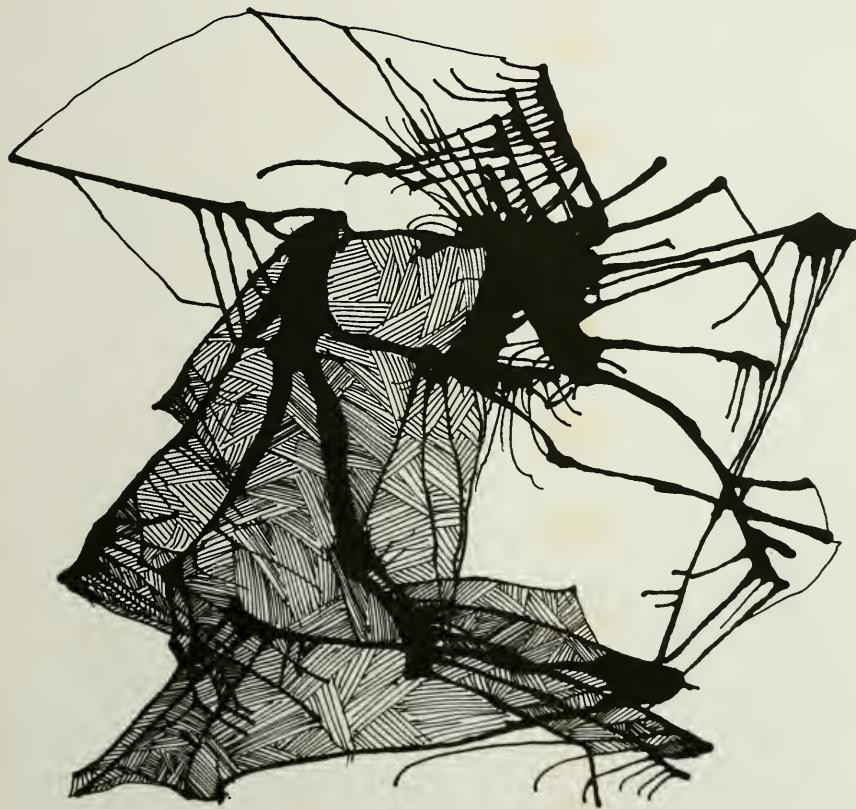


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Aubade

Mary Washington College
Fredericksburg, Virginia

1983



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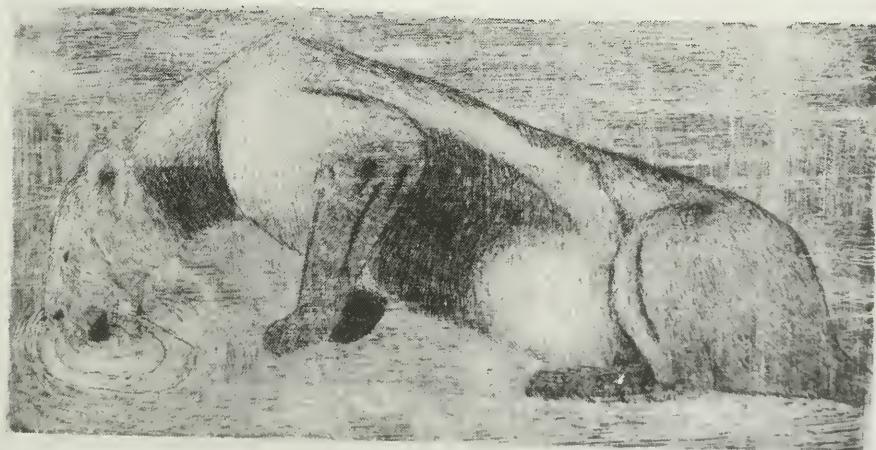
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i am a neglected housewife

i am a neglected housewife
and i am the crying young bride
who realizes that this is not what she married
i am the youngest brother
left home to rot all day
and to read the comics and shut-up

who sits on the edge of his seat
when you come home from work
who looks for a someone
to talk to who isn't three and a half
and isn't a dog to yell at
who has been silent all day

i have walked the dog
and come back alive and sad
knowing the august moon is not full for me
sees nothing in me
but for the three-pieced businessman
who comes home late and too tired to talk

C. Zavrel

(EROTIC) SPRING:

Blossoms of art nouveau flowers--
pink, violet, yellow.

A mild breeze
wraps around my fingers
as I pluck the first dandelion.

And I sigh.

Cool is the blue and green--
a refreshing mint.

The wet dirt smells shady,
after the rain goes.

The lines of spring are
smooth and silky,
quivering--begging to be touched.
That is why I bury my face
in the lilacs.

Melissa Palmatory

If I were a fog I would wrap myself around you
till the sun rose high and I burned away.

Scott Stableford



David Spatz

THE FATES

Clothos

It is dull work,
this weaving,
endless and tiring.
By now, I've tried
all variations
of color and texture.
When I get weary
of the loom
sometimes I will close
my eyes for a second,
just a second.
Later,
Atropos will marvel
at the flaws, call me lazy
behind my back.
I am an artist,
my hands are nimble.
Lachesis,
what does she do?
She gazes at the fire,
only turning to let me see
her decision,
the distant parting
of her hands.
Once, I saw a tear
on her cheek,
it glimmered like and opal,
and she barely parted
her hands at all.

My job was short and easy
that time,
but when I thanked her,
she said nothing.
My sisters are ungrateful
and heavy with thought.
I am the worker,
the artist,
forever at my loom.

Lachesis

I measure.
By hands, and instinct,
I decide.
The longest life
is as far
as I can spread open my arms.
See? Clothos watches me,
her eyes dark and glimmering,
her hands long-fingered
and nimble at her weaving.
She says I make her feel
like penelope,
that her task is endless.
Nothing is endless,
I assure her
calling to her
across this dark room.
I warm my hands
at the fire,
pensive and tense,
my skirts brushing my ankles
my ageless feet

on the cool floor.
I imagine I see faces
in the fire,
children
who press their tiny,
fevered hands to my brow
and I must turn away
lest I falter
as I say to my sisters
“This much.”

Atropos

The scissors are heavy
and cool in my hand.
They cut cleanly,
usually.
It is a simple job,
though requiring a mind
for precision, and estimation.
Watching over Clothos' shoulder,
I tire of her grumbling
and poke
when her eyes begin to shut.
Once,
I threatened to cut
her long dark hair
with my scissors,
and she called to Lachesis
who was warming herself at the fire
and did not respond.
I laughed.
My sisters are silly girls,
one prone to tears

and creased brow
the other to grumbling
and sarcasm.
We rarely laugh together anymore,
and Lachesis stands apart from us.
Even when I hold out my hand
to her, she will not come.
Our tasks are simple really,
nothing like the labors
of Herakles
despite what Clothos might complain.
It's simply a matter of measurement,
mindless weaving,
and a simple, clean cut
with golden shears.

Lisa Dittrich

SMILING-EYED DOGS WHO WAG THEIR TAILS

Her round, brown, almond eyes,
panting tongue and
knotted fur make her
Brandy.

My Sheltie who was bred to herd
sheep and still
chases cows--if she has enough
energy.

She growls at cats who don't seem
frightened by such teeth
when they try to steal her
food.

Her fascination for cows is so great that
the vet once thought she was one.

Well, not really.

When Daddy yelled always,
"Back Brandy, down Brandy, go away Brandy,"
the man must have thought that the
Charolais was Brandy.

Poor Henrietta is listed in the
vet's records as Brandy.

The day Henri became a
dog.

Unless leash-led, she trots home
in lieu of walks to the orchard (the hill,
you see, is way too steep for a dog), or ski trips
across fields (the ice gets stuck between her furry
toes and the snow reaches her belly so she must
hop.)

Once made to take a walk, our
country-dog likes the out-of-doors.
She plods across streams,
sniffs scents, and gallops into
tufts of tall grass, flushing
mallards.
Brandy has tufty ears and smiling eyes.

Anne Baber

THE SHADOW'S PLEA

Please stop this game so misconceived.
I do not know the man I follow.
I have no eyes to see.
Obedience makes a weary life--
My body on buildings
Stretched out across streets.
At night when the man makes love,
I grope for fellings that do not come
and scream a silent scream of anguish.
I have no tongue.

Dale E. Williams

DUSTY STAGES

A sneeze echoed through the emptiness;
through the vibrant loneliness;
and disturbed the dust napping on the
curtain rods,

And flung it sprinkling through the air
till it allighted in a pool of white,
bright, yet subdued light.

The echoes of the sneeze reverberated off
the cardboard,
off the cheese cloth and tape.

A million times we've stood there
laughed there, and in our own ways
cried softly there.

But they don't clap for us anymore
we clap for ourselves. . .
and one lone jester
sits in the corner draping
his onyx tears across the memory
as if to bundle it in sadness,
to steal it away in the night.

Doors click, chains rattle,
locking in the solitude,
encasing inside the glow, the dreaminess.

The jester floats off into the haze
and low, the sneeze settles back on
the lips of the onlooker,
softly crying.

The dust moves on,
twirling about in the limelight,
for it alone claims the stage,
after the feet have shuffled onward.

After the toys have been packed away.
The dust lazily naps around the stage
undisturbed in silence.

ONE LAST ENCORE

Lacey ladies dressed in black
Cautiously fondle their lanky cigarettes.
Painting smoke filled rooms with
well wined conversation,

And their vintage glances reek of
vinegar tears,
While their yellowing memories pound
on deafening ears,

Mealy, musty madames, crowned ingrey
bow in quiet repose,
As the curtain falls
And applause fades
like their beauty
into darkness.

Antonia Carnevale



David Spatz



Kyle McKibbin

THE SAPLING

Sitting by my favorite pond,
My back against the NO TRESPASSING sign,
My mind wanders.
I watch the trees
Scattered along the bank
Sway softly in the breeze.
There is a sapling near me
It bends to the wind
As I must do--now.
It began as a fuzzy pod
Nourished by sun and gently rains.
It must have grown quickly,
I reflect,
To be strong enough for
Autumn's storms and winter's snows.
Yet it is young enough to bend to weathering
And spring back unharmed.
As it grows taller and stronger
It will learn to stand firm
To such weather and support
Spiders and caterpillars and maybe even
A falcon's nest.
We will both grow old and brittle
And finally crack
Like the ancient oak--only a little beyond
My sapling by the pond--
Split by lightning from
An especially bad storm.

Kay Bradshaw

PENNIMPRESSIONS

damn early
burl ives croons well
 munch munch another cookie
becomes earth food devoured
by hungry amish moo-cows
 moooooooooooo or
that's what they sound like when
not milked enough
 homogenization is another word and
all in the food chain
 food chain
store bought tea, medicine
geez what nice people
pity the poor pig whom
lost a belly to
feed our faces hey
 stranger come and sit awhile
thanks mister
my home is far away
my home is far away.

Richard Hutting

MONTREAL HOUSE

Constancy
is a blighted curse
on this knighted race.

Just remember the tips of your toes
on the tines of a fork
won't forget the edge is close.
Close enough
to slip and fall
into that Baronial nut-house of the
next county.
Seventeenth-century wood paneling
enclosing
Seventeen rooms of seventeen barons,
Seventh in line.

A fine old house for fine old men
who find they can't remember when
there ever was an edge to fall from.
They won't begin to scrap and claw
up a cliff they can't conceive.
They just drink their tea at four,
eat their scones and brush their sleeves
free of crumbs and daily duties
of daily wages for the dailies.
An easy life of toast and crumpets,
lawn croquet, and nightly lock-ups.

The bars on the windows don't mar the panes
and the facade is still the same.
Tradition lives in this portland stone estate --
the green knot-garden still unravelled,
an avenue of oaks
planted in another regent's reign
all attest to the test of time that
good breeding tells.

So just remember Mr. Loveday's outing
in an English lane
A bicycle ride, a summer stroll
hedges to the left; brambles to the right.
He might enjoy his country asylum
a little more
Knowing that his tea is always served
at four.

Laura Abenes

UNTITLED #4

For blueness will be always misconstrued
A fatal swing in mood
A celebrated period,
Though it may be just a comma.

Genine Lentine

FEBRUARY, 1968
to Galway Kinnell

an ancient
squats
hushed in moonlight

yesterday a grandson
darkeyed and sixteen
died
mown into bits
by a mine

so close to home
high up
a plane flies over
bomber in clean air
near to
God

america
barely touched
goes on

“a little country somewhere
past china,”
mumbles a housewife
in the soup aisle at safeway

in schenectady
a man says
“we'll beat them damned
commies
show them we will.”

his son is only sixteen

somewhere in
asia skeletal
soldiers
retreat on roads
where happy people once drove

to market
to worship

villages once prosperous
past
an old frog pond
no frogs now
ravens circle willows
die

only the sun constant
remains.

Anne Baber

PENANCE

You tell me this evening of a dream:
in your sleep, you had seen a nun,
Sister Therese, in full, funeral habit,
playing boogie piano in an empty cathedral.
You lit a candle before a statue of Jesus,
Jesus with His hands outstretched.
You didn't say a prayer then,
not Ave Maria, not Heavenly Father.
You lit a cigarette in a candle flame.
When you turned away
You felt His imaginary hands on your shoulders,
and you ran.

In this restaurant more cigarette smoke
clouds your face like a halo.
You laugh, fingering a charred match,
and tell me you wanted to be a priest as a child.
You studied your Bible,
asked the priests questions
and surprised them by kissing the rings they wore
with your tender, naive lips.
In the evenings,
while your widowed father slouched, reeking,
over the bar at the Yorkshire,
the drone of angel wings, beating,
soothed you to sleep, their delicate breeze
cooling your fervent and so young face.

But then,
your father, whose name you muttered
over and over in your prayers,
slashed his wrists
with the fragmented glass of a whiskey bottle.
Then,
the angels left your nights
and the priests would not pray
over your broken father in his cheap coffin,
they would not touch his wounds
with their modestly jewelled hands.
You couldn't decide who to hate,
but the night you poured the holy water
down the toilet
and buried your cross with its chain
in the backyard,
you knew.

Since then, too many glasses of Scotch
have burned your throat
and too many women have kissed you
in beds long abandoned by anything holy.
You say: that cross rusts in the yard,
like a body it decays, unsanctified.
Then you ask,
like a young soul begging for absolution
for the most minor of sins:
is it enough that I was sacred,
once?

Lisa Dittrich

MIND FIELD

bitter

they come keening
on their ice pick feet
dappling me
as I walk head down
among the rocks.

I try to ignore them
no matter how cold
it gets.

if I look up
I see
their leader
the black catbird
peeking at me
from the old tree
on the hill.

He laughs at me
from time to time
as I pass beneath him.

Sometimes
when I am feeling really brave
I lift my head as high as I dare
and wheeze annoyance
upward
where he taunts me
with his putrid breath.
Why can't he leave me alone?
I feel his idiot gaze
through my skull.

Sometimes
I wonder whether that mouth
will quit its games
and attach itself to the nerve
that lies down
the middle of my back
like a beacon.
I vow to go the long way
next week
but I always forget
until he comes to hang
over my shoulder
reading my mail.
But you know some People:
yackety, yackety. . . .
Today he laughs at me
as usual--
I refuse to meet his eyes--
and calls me
to come and play.
I however
am not amused.
As I stumble away
off the path
down the hill through the
crushed rye grass,
I feel exposed
Like a child caught with his
pants down
in the back yard.
I scrub my fingers
across my scalp
as I go,
hating him

peeking at me
in so-such-a-birdlike
fashion.
He knows I am embarrassed.

Oh, yes.
Safe at last
behind a rock
out of sight of the tree
I feel him searching
lazer eyes darting
like bats.
It takes him awhile
to spot me
sometimes
and he laughs high
when he finally does
crazy and pink.
I usually just sigh
and walk on.
Foiled again.
At long rance
I risk a glance back up the hill
(Objects always get smaller
with distance,
you know)
and he sits grinning at me
waving tattered wing
sweet dreams.
Ah, yes.
Well. . .
maybe next week.

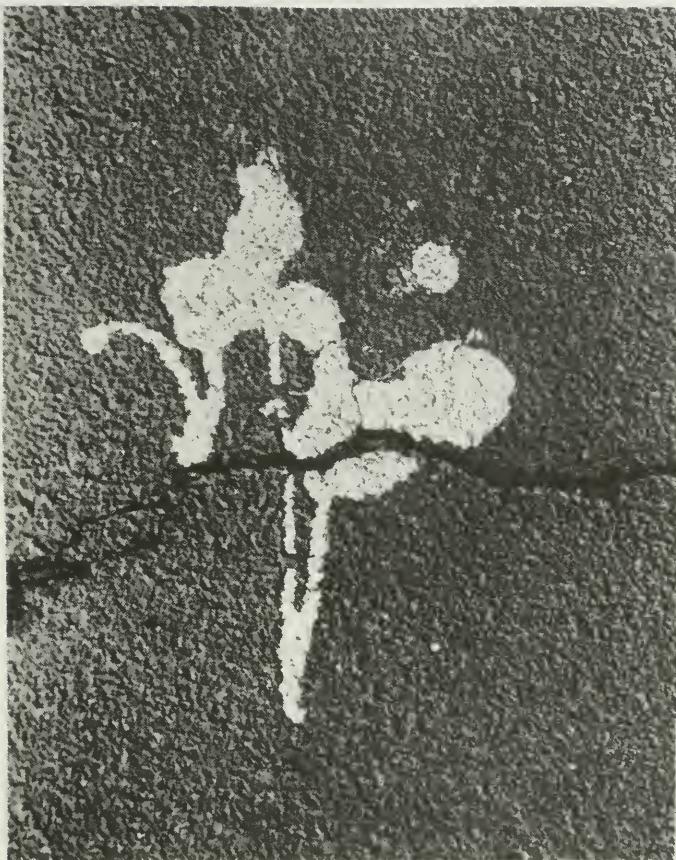
Kim McCall

KOWLOON, 1842

May-May
glides on stumped feet
kimono slides
between numb thighs.
She serves tea
on a bamboo mat.

Squatting
beside a rice paper screen
she pours
no libation
in the porceline cup.
Ringed with betel juice,
gum and syrup
her blackened smile
surveys the scene --
the master asleep
lost in a dream.

Laura Abenes



David Spatz

GLASS CAN CUT YOU

I've always liked colored glass.
In kindergarten, Joe Russ told on me
when I collected bits of green glass
in my empty Sucret box.
I was saving emeralds
to hold in the sun;
he said I played with
broken glass.
The teacher did nothing.

I could build choir windows with that glass now.
Some stained glass windows,
stained with faded days,
warm sunny days --
emerald maybe; probably lime by now.
Clean morning light might stream in,
a flood of golden glory transformed
to green and yellow rays
falling into the den
where mama and daddy would sit reading the paper.

Rose Marie Finney

ENCOUNTERS

--for H.B. and others

It was quiet
In the room
As I sat on the Levines' couch
Flipping through a dictionary
Of historical events
The boy-next-door
Had bought that afternoon.
It was quiet;
that is
Until a Jewish-American Princess
sauntered in
Positioning herself carefully
Against the couch
Questioning
A doctor-to-be about
Nasal injury
While I
looked up Charles the Second
And read about his life
three-hundred and twenty-two years ago
which was much more interesting
than the conversation
in which the would-be doctor
with his jet-black sportscar outside
sitting in his borrowed armchair
expounded the virtues of a nose job.
I was about to suggest an almanac.

“Oh yes, oh yes,” she crooned
And smiling the would-be doctor
turned to me
and wanted to know, from me,
an expert, if Episcopalian
go to hell
for having sex outside of marriage
and I said
I wouldn’t know, not being married.
My host,
the boy-next-door,
entered and hour later
after concessions to housemates
had been made
And I had read twenty years of Charles’ life
and it was twelve at night.
It was time to go to bed.
“I’ll see you tomorrow,” he said,
watching me as my arm was laid
across the back of the borrowed couch,
and I considered
how far my spit would go
to hit his face
but I didn’t want to hit the furniture.

Margaret Bell

BLACK

The blackness comes and settles
In brooding luxury on my soul;
An intangible pain,
A sleepless, shifting, screaming pain,
With no reason and no warning.
Wisps of a little girl memory,
Six-year-old horrors
Suddenly stab me again
Even harder than before.
I walk on the frozen snow
Afraid to run; racing.

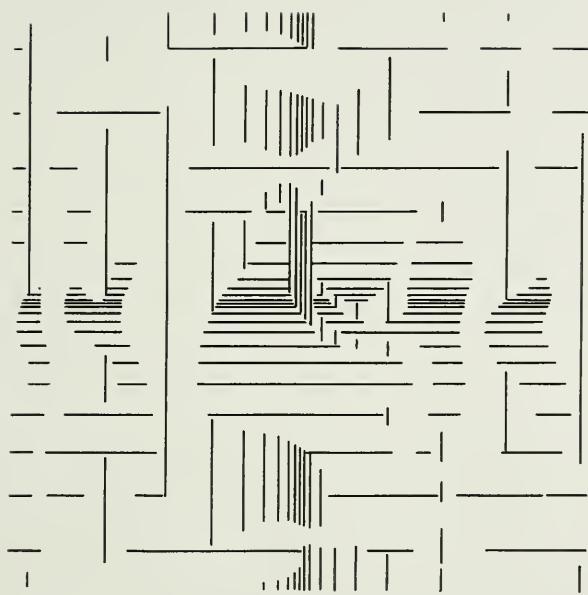
Sometimes the blackness fades--
The good days are purple;
There are long stretches of blessed gray. . .
Mostly, my eyes just ache from crying
And trying not to.

Katherine M. Morris

FOR M.R., MY SOFTWARE ENGINEER

Bring up my
terminal and then
Input.
Output. Input.
You can brush my
binary circuit,
punch my program, or
process my punch hole
Anytime. Time sharing.
I love the way you
shift my software while
feeding my
Flowchart.
Luscious linkage.
Feed me
Feedback;
Jump on my
frame.
Code me with
symbols,
Command my
Sequence.
Nanoseconds later, we're
an integrated circuit.
Overflow.
Cybernetic love.

Kathy Walters



Gail Gianpaoli

THE CITY IN THE BOTTLE

The sun burns too hot here.
The bones of the albatross
lie scattered on the gasping
grasses of the city square.
No room in this bottle for outspread wings pointed
to the changing, changing sea.
My little son plays in the alleys
with some man's daughter
growing into a woman.
Her new white breasts
are the whispers that ignore
the smooth glass walls unbreaking
at his beginning. Unchanging
they remain as he tastes of death.
At thirty the grumbling men
who know the names of every red brick
in this city in the bottle
sit on the steps of run down hotels
waiting for imagination
to go at forty.
In the spring the lovers,
who know the song of the broken
albatross, find the edge
of the city and throw themselves
into the glass sky
like robins at the window
on the garden, until their blood
stains the bottle forever
with sunset.

Dale E. Williams



David Spatz

BACK HOME TO BALTIMORE

Worn brown hands creased with time carefully hold the fuzzy polaroids of the past weekend. Distant relatives seen through the glass of a Greyhound tear and wave proudly for a new found happiness and the sadness of leaving.

“Weddings only come along every once in a while,” she muttered softly to herself.

Then sleepily, she started to lean towards the aisle; the pictures falling like playing cards into her lap.

And Baltimore was at least two more hours away.

Margaret Stevens

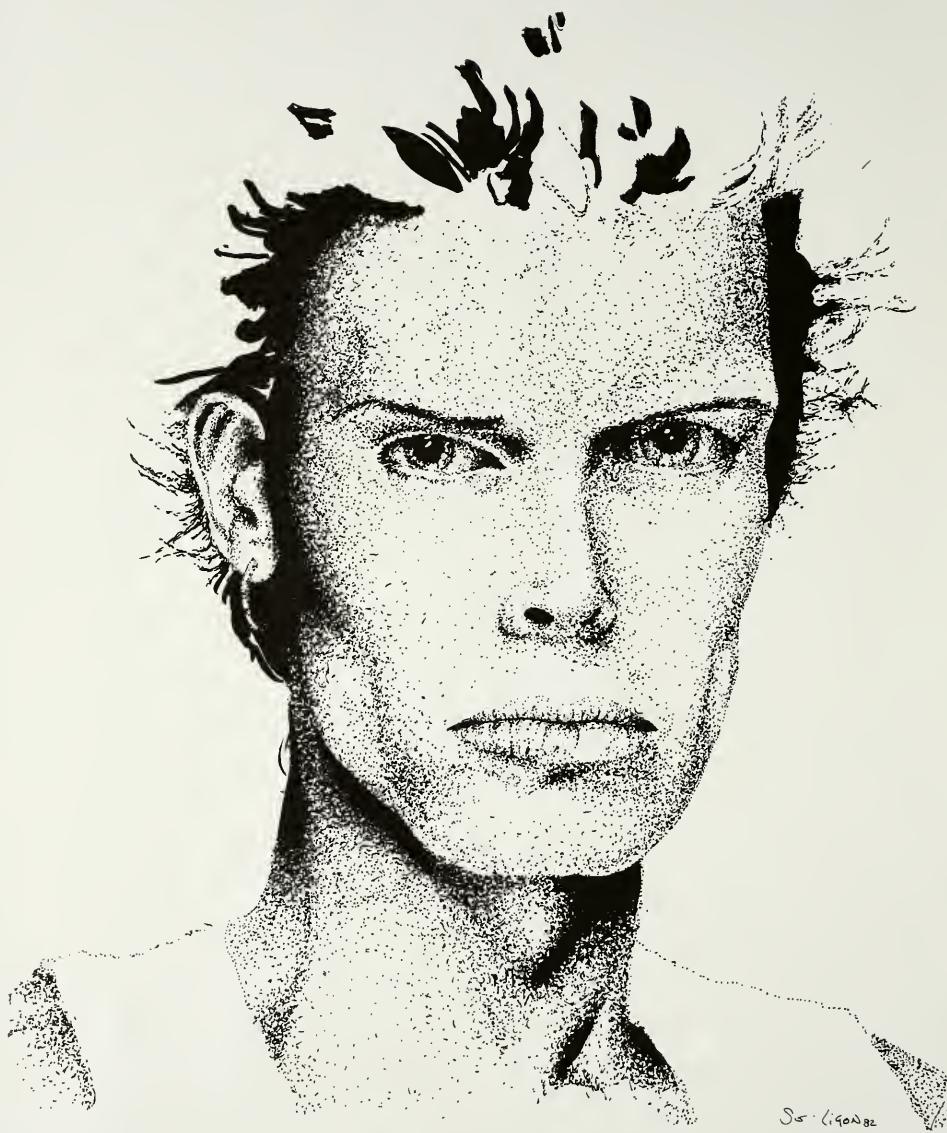
A TIN OF SARDINES

Poking honey from the long-empty schoolhouse,
my grandpa
fell back, ill, passed out.
Bad news ran to my aunt's door,
and in those fourth-grade years I thought
"Papa will get better," remembering how I got
five tins of sardines on my birthday, as a joke.
Vivid, shaking hands that held, tickled and played cards,
alive in my mind--
now stilled.

I awoke then, an adult.
Dream-plagued nights full of his life
I kept to myself.
Now, even the dreams are gone.

These pictures fold up like cardboard,
filling pockets and corners--
clustered in disarray or neatly stacked
the pictures lie,
while some speak truth.

Melissa Palmatory



Scot Ligon

NO MIRRORS

“Such a gifted young man!”
Everyone would say
As they watched him on the stage--
Brilliance is rare.
We talked on the phone one night,
Laughing, laughing,
And then he asked me if I ever had trouble
Looking in the mirror,
In a voice I didn’t know,
And laughed again.

“Such a shock!”
Everyone said
When they found him that day
With a mouthful of escape in his hand.
I went to visit him--
Psychiatric ward. . .

All the doors were locked.
They made me give them my lighter
And the plate with the brownies on it--
“Glass, you know,”
But I didn’t know.
Didn’t know why John was there,
As I walked past the Day Room
And saw the girl at the piano
Banging furious, disjointed chords,
And the boy in the corner
Talking to someone who wasn’t there.
And saw, finally, John--
The same John
Sort of.

I asked him why
But he didn't seem to know,
So I didn't ask again.
We ate the brownies
From the paper plate
And tries the old jokes
That didn't work anymore.
In the silence, I looked around his room,
And I saw--
There were no mirrors.

Katherine M. Morris

CELLULOID

White chips peeled fell quiet to the floor
Littered still with glass and glazed with dust
Four men in white surveyed the walls
Through the pane barred on the door.
"Come in," he beckoned from within
(For they had earned his trust)
"I'll have some bread, Ed, if you please,
And don't be stingy with the crust."

Genine Lentine

MISPLACED

Thank you Andy Wyeth

Norman Rockwell

Thank you for the freshfacepompom daughters
cornfield madonnas
whom i never took to bobs drive-in
down blue star highway.
innocent summerdays spared
real news clutter; off to pizza village
and, hey, i know everyone.
fix a pick-em-up, help dad with harvest
new thresher means more debt but no matter.
this, a life not mine;
overgrown acres, broken barns, wild horses
testify this unfulfilled hope yet
i dream always of haystacks at dawn
losing virginity to a god-honest woman.

Richard Hutting



David Spatz

THE FARM

Grass,
freckled with the new-born dew,
awaited the boy and the sun.
And they both came out together.
The boy
stepping quieter than the sun
(which always move to center stage
when it realizes its cue).
But he always stepped
quietly.
Maybe that's why the lawn liked him so much.
Or maybe,
he walked and moved
and woke and spoke
all so gently that he shouldn't do anything at all.
And it wouldn't seem odd
if the hand of God
dipped down from the purple morning--
scooping him softer up,
always sure the fingers just scooped enough to allow
the slide down to the velvet layers of the palm.
There--
silk peace for the young, tired back.
There--moments stepped with moments
of empty sound stretching to hear his thoughts.
Yet the hand lay resting in the cloud
and the boy carried on through the grass
to the field.

He was born here
in a house he crawled through,
a house he'd bring his new wife, his children to.
The house, the wet grass
were so kind to him. He'd sigh for them--
especially now as he was far away in the field.
And his Daddy, brothers,
the black men, the country men--
they's all be there soon. Then he wouldn't be
alone anymore (for awhile).
The time of the fresh grass and the performing sun
would slip behind his working brain
into a special pink envelope marked "poems."

Rose Marie Finney

Morning: She is the endless horizon, rising and sinking.
Noon: She disguises herself as sunshine sitting on the sofa.
Night: She comes as veiled moonlight softening the ground
under an old elm.
I lay naked with her silver touch liquid loose
on my skin.
All time held in one day.

Scott Stableford

MICHIGAN, 1954

The railroad station smelled
of wet wool and hot iron
Like the warm-up shed
At the ice rink--outside
A child's minature
Snow eddied about
An iron bound baggage cart
Frosting the boxes
Suitcases and overseas bags
The train came in slow, a pulsing
Black engine and silver-blue cars
Hidden in its own cloud of steam

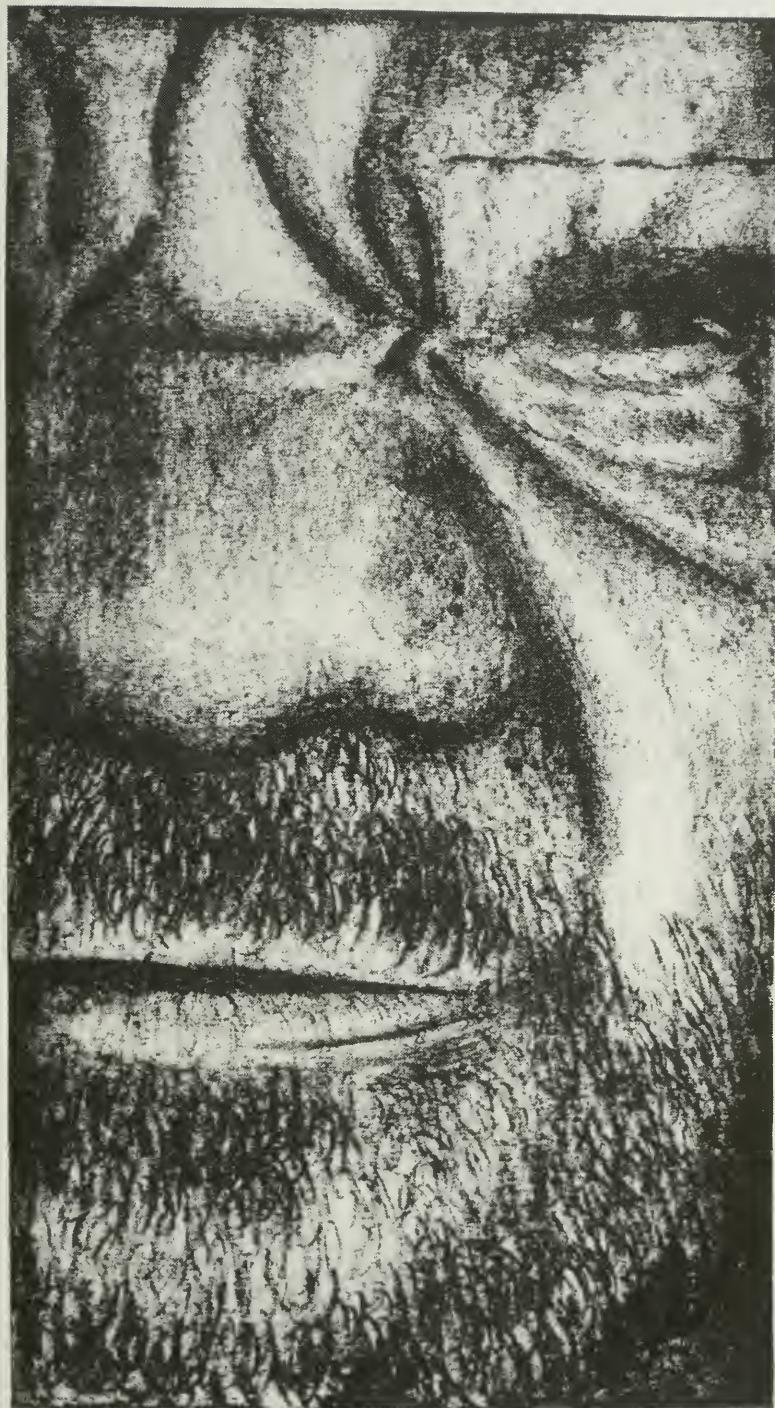
We rode through farmland
In December's mustard twilight
Past the Mennonite houses
Without curtains
Their windows kerosene orange
Past the one stoplight towns
With streets
Arched in Christmas lights
On past to the city of cars
And Grandpa
Big in his camel greatcoat
His summer blue eyes smiling

Sue Mathieu

FREAK SHOW

What price will you pay for the clown to make you laugh?
A nickle for some happiness?
You sir, see the naked lady bob and bounce?
A penny for your thoughts.
What price will you pay for the clown to make you laugh?
A nickle for a smile?
Step right up, you sir, throw a pie at the madman?
A ticket for the freak show.
What price will you pay for the clown to make you laugh?
A quarter for a chuckle?
Hear ye, hear ye, grab the balloons from the midget?
One ringer wins you a teddy bear.
What price will you pay for the clown to make you laugh?
A nickle for a good time?
You madam, one kiss for the elderly gentlemen?
Lovers bought here, a dime a dozen.
What price will you pay for the clown to make you laugh?
A nickle for some happiness?
You sir, like to take a stab?
A penny for your death.
Happiness comes cheap.

Lisa Marie Adams



50

Kyle McKibbin

A REQUIEM

To tell the truth, I had been there only five times before it closed. Never with the same girl, and never with enough money. From what the paper said, I definitely, absolutely missed its heyday. Every night, some celebrity would cut the rug there until dawn. That really surprised me, the part about the famous people. When I was there, the place was small, old, dirty and run-down, though not necessarily in that order (but definitely so). I supposed that that condition was part of its charm, for it must have had some. Crowded was not the word for Scandals. Scandals, by the way, was the name of this place,

though we rarely called it that. The front door of the place said Scandals, due to a burned out "c", so we sometimes called it that. Most usually when we went there, we said we were going downtown, simply. Everyone would understand from the context of the sentence. If we were going "dancing downtown," it would be at Scandals. If, on the other hand (this required more planning), we were going "partying downtown," we were usually going to a bar called The Tombs. Everything was quite simple, just two choices. We, certainly I, were happy enough, and other places rarely came to discussion. That was then, though. So anyway, Scandals closed last week.

When I was still running, I would run along the canal, on this cinder path. It was a pretty nice running trail, at least the scenery was nice. I mean, it sort of took your mind off all the pain you were going through, running and things. I ran right at dusk, just as the hordes were leaving the city. They all seemed to exit at once, as if the workday was a play, and at five-thirty, some director clapped his hands. Then, all the blue-suited businessmen would look at their scripts, see their cue and exit stage left, always left. No, not me. I used to keep their hours though. I was just as punctual and heartless as the rest of them. Blind conformity was what really got to me. Did you know that you're never allowed to wear green, and seldom brown, in the business world? I read that somewhere. So I got out, whether the

getting was good remains to be seen, but I'm history, nevertheless. Then, I was running and writing my book. I'm still writing my book, but I'm afraid I'll never finish it, because I'm afraid I'll die if I ever do. By not finishing it, I like to think that I'm making a statement about ambition. To tell the truth, it's just a lousy book and it needs a lot of work. But by telling people that I'm writing a book, and have been for the past two and a half years, I fantasize that it gives me a touch of non-conformity. You know, to all those business types. When I was a senior in high school, I read this thing in Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* that has struck me as very important, and quite truthful. *Franny* says to her boyfriend (a real conformist) that being a non-conformist is just as bad as being a conformist, because you are just conforming to another set of principles that do not really belong to you, just for the satisfaction of not "conforming". Everyone's a conformist. That scares me, it really does.

Sometimes when I was running, I would look up at the cars that were crossing the bridge over the canal. All the cars were pointed in one direction, the suburbs. They pointed to some dream of average America and complacency. I always thought about the fat, lazy drivers in those cars (they were always fat and lazy). I wanted to challenge them to a race, without cars, and I wanted them to know that I was writing a book, a novel. A damned thick novel full of feelings that they would not be able to feel, or at least they'd forgotten to feel. I wanted those fat, lazy motorists to stop going left in the morning and to the right in the evenings. At the very least, I wanted one of them to look down to the canal and see me in my green running shorts, sweating out all their impurities and sins against feeling.

It was on one of my "runs for humanity" that I first became aware of Scandals. As a matter of fact, I was just before the bridge (and sweating mightily) when I saw this light blue sportscar coming back across the bridge. The car looked like a salmon fighting its way upstream to spawn. With that thought in mind, I turned off the canal

path and followed the light blue sportcar--to see where it would spawn. I was immediately attracted to the guts this driver had, and the originality; to actually come into the city at five-thirty. It was not too hard to follow the car through downtown traffic, as it had to stop at every block for a stoplight. As it turned out, I did not have to follow the car too long. After about a mile, the car stopped in front of this place that said Scandals, or actually S andals, due to a burned out "c". A young girl, about nineteen, got out of the passenger side and hustled into Scandals. The car left, and turned and left to go home, but I knew I would be back. I wanted to meet this girl and ask her what it was like to go against the flow. I wanted to congratulate her non-conformity, and I knew she would understand me. Mostly, I wanted her to know that I was writing a book, a damned thick book.

That weekend, a Friday night, I went down to Scandals with a girl and some friends under the pretext of going dancing. To tell the truth, I was looking for that girl, hoping she was around. I sure couldn't find her if she was, I mean I looked around pretty much all night. But it didn't spoil my evening. Scandals was a fun place to be and I had a good time just being there, with or without the girl in the blue sportscar. I went back again, and the next weekend again, but each time I was looking less harder for the girl that I'd followed from the bridge. I started to enjoy being with the people at Scandals. I watched them, and then I could dance like them, and I became friends with them. They were not such a bad sort, pretty harmless. Going to Scandals did not hurt and I just thought it made a nice break from everything. By that time I was running less because I just could not find the time to fit it in. I did, however, buy a nice blue jogging suit, like the kind you see at Sears & Roebuck. I met this girl at Scandals and she liked to run, so I ran with her every once in a while. It turned out that a lot of people at Scandals ran together on Saturday mornings

when they were not at work, so I ran with them. They ran nice and slow, and when I ran with them, running didn't hurt as much as it used to. Then I found that Scandals was closing. It bothered me at first, I'd never met that girl in the sportscar, but she did not seem to be that important anymore. Neither did Scandals' closing. I mean, it was just a building and I would still see the people and I was content for the first time. I've learned, if nothing else, that things change, always change. Things do change, amigo.

-C. Zavrel

POEM BEGINNING WITH A LINE FROM ELIZABETH BISHOP

The tumult in the heart
after longing goes so long
unanswered
after a time fades away
like the speech of many birds
setting out at sunset,
and the heart grows still and cold
like sunlight through an empty glass.

Dale E. Williams

here, for any artist under the sky

here, for any artist under the sky
-this is your boy:
with wind-tossed hair
and a chilling gaze
beyond
a fast-moving sky
split over grey
razoring
through disappointed pines

C. Zavrel

God rides a ten speed.
He has learned to play the game door to door.
Jesus his son is in St. Louis, getting his teeth capped
He is a big star on T.V.
Every night he comes into our living rooms to heal us
and fight communists.
Jesus hates communists they have no television.
Mary lives in a cold water flat in New York.
She collects welfare and sews shirts.
Jesus, he sends Her money now and then
it eases his mind and is tax deductible.

Scott Stableford



Gail Gianpaoli







ARCHIVES

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